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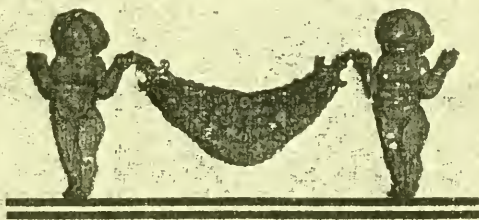






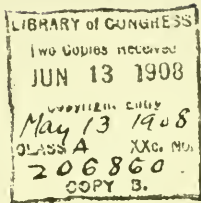


# Souvenir of Historic Frederick



Facts Concerning  
the Early History  
of Frederick, Md.

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YOU can walk down West Patrick Street, in Frederick, as it curls toward Carroll Creek, and enjoy the delusion that you are wandering down the winding streets of the ancient English town of Chester. A sense of things, suffering little change except from the hand of time, possesses you that is un-American. This quality, that the emotions leap to appreciate long before the mind can express its elusive charm, has made the old parts of the town a glorious setting for its historic story.

It was laid out in 1745 by Patrick Dulaney, whose brother had purchased the tract of land, which is now Frederick County, from the President of the Governor's Council. The first house was built by John Thomas Schley on the site which the Neidhardt residence and bakery now occupies on East Patrick Street. It is a mooted question how the name of the city originated. The honor rests with three great men of that epoch, Frederick Calvert, the last Lord Baltimore; Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Frederick the Great, the German Kaiser. There is no doubt, however, that the pioneers were thrifty Germans from the Palatinate.

In those primitive days the "Monocacy Road" from Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, to the Potomac River was the old Indian trail. The Red Men swarmed about the little settlement and alternately scalped and traded with the pale faces. Black Hawk, the famous chief, was held a prisoner on the spot where the Evangelical Reformed Church now stands. An Indian squaw was the nurse of Mary Schley, the first white child born in Frederick.

History has recorded itself fast in and around Frederick. Events that projected a powerful influence on the developing national government crowd its past. The Indian wars, the Revolution and the Civil struggle confronted its fragile but unyielding spirit with many tragedies. Initiative and tenacity, bravery and loyalty to its convictions conquered over desolated homes and broken hearts and arose from each individual victory into a pillar of strength to support and assist the speedy evolution of federal government.

The Court of Frederick County was the first to protest officially against the Stamp Act in the year 1765. The twelve "immortal judges," who so strenuously opposed England's impost legislation by declaring that "all proceedings shall be valid and effectual without the use of stamps," were Joseph Smith,

David Lynn, Charles Jones, Samuel Beall, Joseph Beall, Peter Bainbridge, Thomas Price, Andrew Hugh, William Blair, William Luckett, James Dickson and Thomas Beatty. A tablet has been placed in the Frederick County Court House by the Frederick Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in memory of these judges. It is of bronze, three by five feet. The full names of the twelve repudiators are inscribed on it together with the insignia of the Daughters and other appropriate matter.

In 1775 Governor Sharpe, General Braddock and Colonel Washington met in Frederick to map out the campaign against the Indians which cost Braddock his life. There is a story rooted in the hearts of the people that Braddock brought with him from England a chest containing 2500 pounds of money and many jewels. When he went out with Colonel Washington to reconnoitre the country attended by an old Indian guide, he carried the chest with him. It began to grow burdensome as they reached High Knob and they buried it in the famous mountain. Braddock did not live to return in search of it and Washington forgot its existence. The old Indian tried to find the spot afterwards but was killed by thieves in pursuit. To-day if you are credulous and should happen on High Knob, the treasure is still there for your seeking. That noble French friend of American independence, Marquis de Lafayette, received a splendid ovation here on his march of triumph through the country of a grateful people in 1824. At the old stone tavern at the head of West Patrick Street great statesmen, for instance Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster and Winfield Scott, arrived in the significant days of the nation's immaturity to discuss and execute some of its affairs.

The Tory feeling never assumed large proportions in the Maryland Colony. The people of Frederick deserve the credit for quashing a plan to organize the Indians and Tories and separate the Northern from the Southern colonies. They arrested Dr. John Connolly, the agent, in 1775, and so killed the fruit in the bud. In 1780 another Tory plot to rob and murder colonists of the independent faith in Maryland and adjoining States was choked by the inhabitants of Frederick. A trial court was convened and seven of the conspirators were adjudged guilty and hanged in the court house yard.

In 1775 Frederick County organized two companies of minute men or riflemen and dispatched them to reinforce the army at



Washington's Headquarties, Frederick, Md.



Boston. Michael Cressap and Thomas Price commanded these companies and made themselves famous for their marksmanship and their staunch adherence to the cause of independence. Frederick also supplied seventeen hundred men to support Washington at Valley Forge.

In the Civil War Frederick, lying cosily in the lap of encircling mountains, invited strategic minds to take advantage of its situation. The dark bird of war hovered over it ominously, now precipitating bloody skirmishes in its very streets, now withdrawing to more or less distance in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Gettysburg and Monocacy. The town was ever on the *qui vive* throughout the dissension. So near Mason and Dixon, it was as if it lived always on the point of the sword. Now Federal troops, now Confederates seized and defended its fairness and in the endeavor stripped it. There was a perpetual carnival of banners, not unworthy of the play of flags on an up-to-date flagship. The sun rose on an array of stars and stripes, flaunting defiance to Southern ambition and often, before it reached its meridian, they were tucked away in dark corners and Union pride was reminded of the fall it should proverbially precede by the flutter of the flags of the enemy in the noon breeze.

On the 5th of September, 1862, General Lee crossed the Potomac and occupied Frederick on the following day. Within the next two weeks the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were fought. On the 10th of September Lee ordered Jackson to leave Frederick and invest Harper's Ferry.

The first prisoner taken by John Brown's men was Edward Aughinbaugh, among whose duties as telegraph operator was the repairing of the wire between Hagerstown and Frederick. His father was the owner of a drug store in Hagerstown at that time and John Brown and Cook, his accomplice, were frequently in it prior to the raid. They pretended to be book agents and so could travel through the country without arousing suspicion. Cook was the brother of Ashbel P. Willard, who was then Governor of Indiana, and Daniel W. Voorhees pleaded most eloquently but ineffectually to save his life. The day the raid began the line between these two points stopped working. Aughinbaugh started in a wagon to discover the break and found it near Middletown. Having repaired it, he drove into Frederick, ate supper, rested his horse and at nine o'clock at night in bright moonlight started

back to Hagerstown. Approaching the tavern at South Mountain, thirteen miles west of Frederick, about midnight, he was ordered to halt by a man with a gun in his hand. He was told that he was a prisoner but that he would suffer no harm, if he obeyed orders. The man called him by name but would give no reply to his questions as to the charge on which he was held. He was taken to the tavern where three others joined them, all armed and one of whom he recognized as Cook. He shook hands with the prisoner, bade him be a good boy and told him he could not leave the tavern until the next morning, when all would be explained to him.

The tavern was deserted by all except Cook and his men. Scouts came and went during the rest of the night, holding whispered consultations with their chief. At daylight Cook ordered Aughinbaugh to remain a half hour longer and bade him good-bye. He then left the tavern and was not seen by the prisoner again. His men went with him taking the road to Harper's Ferry, which was nine miles off.

At the end of the half hour Aughinbaugh drove down the mountain to Boonsboro, three miles west, where he met Colonel Edward Mobley, of Washington County, Maryland, with two companies of Maryland militia. Farmers from all the countryside, come to inquire into the trouble that all felt was brewing, surrounded the body of soldiers. Aughinbaugh was immediately the centre of interest and was closely questioned by Col. Mobley as to the particulars of his detention. The troops then proceeded to South Mountain and the boy to Hagerstown. Brown's pursuit, the climax of the raid at Harper's Ferry, the capture of some of Lee's troops and the hanging of the raiders are facts that are fast becoming a part of the folklore of the vicinity.

In July, 1864, General Lee detached twenty-three thousand soldiers from the Army of Northern Virginia, defending Petersburg and Richmond, and sent them down the Shenandoah Valley under General Jubal Early to threaten the National Capital. His real purpose was to divert General Grant from proceeding against the two Virginia cities so soon after the desperate battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor.

Grant was stationed at City Point on the James River. Here he heard of Early's movement from a Confederate deserter. He at once sent General Ricketts with a division of men by steam-



N.J. VOLUNTEERS MONUMENT  
MONOCACY BATTLE FIELD, FREDERICK, MD.



boats to Baltimore to notify General Lew Wallace to advance immediately to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Bridge over the Monocacy River near Frederick, and there to collect all the militia and emergency regiments in the vicinity of Frederick and to command the entire force. He reached Frederick on the evening of July 8th. The next day a bloody battle was fought at Monocacy Bridge, costing the Federals one hundred and twenty-three lives and the Confederates two hundred and seventy-five. Wallace had five thousand men, only half of whom were experienced, while the Confederate force was four times as large, yet he never lost a flag or a gun. In the afternoon he retired to Baltimore, having delayed Early's march on Washington by twenty-four hours.

It was not the battle alone that was responsible for this delay. The negotiations for the payment of \$200,000 to save Frederick from destruction assisted. Early's famous order read as follows:

"We require of the Mayor and town authorities \$200,000 in current money for the use of this army. This contribution may be supplied by furnishing the medical department with \$50,000 in stores at current prices, the commissary department with the stores to the same amount, the ordnance department with the same and the quartermaster department with a like amount.

"WM. ALLEN, *Lieut.-Col. and Chief Ord. V. D.*

"W. D. HAWKS, *Chief Comm. C. S. A. O. D.*

"HUNTER MCGUIRE, *Surgeon and Medical Director.*

"JOHN A. HARMON, *Maj. and Chief I. M. V. D.*"

Since this sum was paid out as the city's ransom, the corporation has been paying interest on it and its pathetic pleas for indemnity before Congress have invariably been met with a deaf ear.

The chief significance of the Battle of Monocacy was that the brave fighting of Wallace's men saved the national treasury from being seized by Early. By retarding his progress toward Washington Grant was given time to get a strong guard into the Capitol, and Early, realizing the futility of any attempt on Washington, withdrew up the Shenandoah Valley.

The peace that lay upon broken family ties and hopes defeated and fulfilled after the war gave men time to think and feel and the glories and miseries of martial sway furnished a rich theme for the mind and heart to work upon. Then it was that the tremendous pathos of the "Lost Cause" struck home and out

of the deep sympathy for those who had suffered not only loss of life but also the defeat of the cause, they honestly and honorably upheld, was erected the Confederate Monument in Mount Olivet Cemetery with the inscription "Unknown Confederate Dead." About three hundred fallen men are buried here in a long line with marble head and foot stones and almost all marked "unknown."

Back in colonial days great men thought Frederick worthy of their presence in the transaction of affairs of national moment. In the scenes of war that have clustered about it many heroes have cast the glamour of their own magical personality about its favored walls. Yet none of these imbue it with a charm that is so wholly and inherently its own as do those men, who went from it, their mother and nurse, into the wide fields of life, to fame, honor and achievement. Every name its inhabitants love and cherish and delight to tell over to the stranger. There was Roger Brooke Taney, the great Chief Justice of the stormy ante-bellum days; Thomas Johnson, first Governor of the State; Wm. Cost Johnson, Enoch Louis Lowe, John Hanson, John and Roger Nelson, Richard Potts, John Hanson Thomas, Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, the hero of Santiago; James McSherry, the historian, and his famous son, James McSherry, Chief Justice of Maryland.

It was to Frederick that the first steam railroad in the United States was built, now the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. First there was a tramway with wooden rails and quaint coaches propelled by horses and mules. It was superseded by the engine constructed by Peter Cooper and first tested on this pioneer line. The old stone warehouse on Carroll Street was the first railway depot of its kind erected in the United States.

The founder of the city, Patrick Dulaney, named the principal street, Patrick Street, after himself, though in our day the business activity has shifted itself to Market Street, which runs at right angles to the old business thoroughfare. All Saints' Street, named for the church, running parallel with Patrick Street is famous for possessing the oldest landmark of the town, Washington's Headquarters. It is on the west side of Market Street and stands back in a small yard. The meeting between Washington and Braddock to map out the Indian campaign is on record as having taken place in the low-roofed, unpretentious little building, that another winter's storms are likely to lay low, so frail and dilapidated is it. Here Washington lodged, while



Monument to Confederate Dead  
Frederick, Md.



Braddock waited for wagons to transport their supplies. Here also Braddock and Benjamin Franklin, who was Attorney-General at that time, held a lengthy consultation.

There is an old record extant to the effect that Daniel Dulaney, brother of the founder of Frederick, sold the lot of ground to John Kimball on the 11th of May, 1764, for one penny and an annual rental of four shillings. This was just nine years before Washington made it his stopping-place while in Frederick. In the meantime the present building was erected on the lot sold so cheaply by Daniel Dulaney.

In 1781 a cousin of George Washington, Colonel William Washington, a cavalry officer, was encamped near Frederick. He was an intimate friend of Sergeant Lawrence Everhart, a Revolutionary war hero, who lies buried in the cemetery at Middletown. There are those who assert that it was this Colonel Washington, who lodged in the old house on West All Saints' Street, but tradition has killed the insinuation and the historic ground will continue to be sought out and revered for the part it has played in the lives of great men.

Bentz Street, which runs north and south, deviates from a straight line in a picturesque way like an old street in a European city and winds its course through Carroll Creek with a bridge for pedestrians but no dry footing for horses and vehicles. Just across from this bridge, popularly known as the "Swinging Bridge" from its being suspended in a crude, primitive way, on the west side of Bentz Street, stands the old stone mill that dates from the Revolutionary epoch. It is, however, not only a landmark, but is operated today very successfully. It was built in 1790 and its first undertakings were on a very large scale for that day. It was the first building located on Bentz Street and is a most substantial stone structure in the style of the mills of colonial days, invested with the charm of a bygone age, which now so quickly appeals to our poetic imagination.

There is a story afloat that during the Civil war General Jackson passed over the road by the old stone mill to join his command on his way to South Mountain and Antietam, and that therefore he did not pass by the home of Barbara Fritchie, thus destroying the whole web of Whittier's ballad. But there are those and they are many, that are cautious of image-breakers, who, for example, would slay the Swan of Avon and let the

philosophical Bacon rise from his ashes, a great man it is true, but the ugly duckling in comparison. If we do not hold to our traditions, we rob Frederick of its priceless possessions. If there is to be universal robbery, the world would suffer and starve its capacity for imagination until nothing be left but the empty mechanism of things. It were better to recall that the side street, down which Jackson rode, debouches into Patrick Street hard by the spot where her home stood and that there are no valid reasons why in the numberless distractions of war the episode of defiance might not have occurred under the very noses of the sceptics, unnoticed because of their preoccupation with Jackson's triumphant advance.

Patrick Street, the hub of the old colonial town, is continued at its extremities in the famous old national pike, to the east in the link connecting Baltimore with Frederick, to the west through Braddock to Cumberland, Wheeling, Ohio, and Indiana and on to the lost goal in the prairies of Illinois unsettled at the time of its construction. It was from earliest days the scene of emigrations endless in their number and variety. The one thread of civilization that connected with the unknown West, it was the highway along which the pioneers attempted a second voyage of discovery, ever hunting the attainable. It bristles with legends and strange truths that seem more mythical than the legends. The whole round of a life steeped in all conceivable colors has had its rolling stretches for a setting. Old men love to tell of "Appleseed Johnnie" from Ohio, who tramped the road for miles east and west yearly with his bags of appleseed, which constituted the hundreds of apple orchards along the route in the germ, for he distributed it all to the farmers along the way.

The old pike was the first and only road that was built by funds from the national treasury. Washington, who was earnestly interested in internal trade, visited the West in 1770 to ascertain the lay of the land and its adaptability to communication with the East. He was guided by a noted Indian, Nemacolin, over an Indian trail through Ohio. Later he cut a road through this forest country which was in line with the National Pike that was afterwards constructed.

The first session of the Continental Congress decided upon immediate activity. In 1802 five per cent of all money received from the sale of public lands within the State of Ohio was set



West Patrick Street looking East from Court  
Frederick, Md.



aside for the construction of a road from the Ohio River to the Atlantic Ocean, and this pike was the nucleus of that connecting link. The road, as planned, ran from Cumberland to Wheeling, one hundred and thirty miles, and thence through Ohio and Indiana into the depths of Illinois. It was cut through forest land to a width of four rods, graded and piked with stone to the depth of twelve to eighteen inches. Its original cost was at that time an enormous sum to be expended for public benefits, one million dollars.

It practically removed the mountains, for because of it they no longer existed as an impediment to transportation. The National Government cared for it for many years but finally, after putting it into excellent condition, it turned it over to the several states through which it travels. Toll houses and toll gates were then put up along the way. All vehicles and freight, cattle and every other kind of beast were taxed, but persons going to church, or election, or funerals, or to the mill were exempt, as well as children going to school and persons going from one part of the farm to another.

In the early days of the last century the road furnished a curious picture of Conestoga wagons with bulging white canvas tops and immense slow-moving wheels creeping along almost imperceptibly behind six big horses. The drivers of these wagons were known as "turn pikers" or "pike boys" and were a jolly, apple-cheeked lot of fellows, who made a kind of perennial *festa* of their daily labor. The wagon beds were painted in bright colors and many of the boys fastened bells to the teams that kept up a continuous tinkling, a merry accompaniment to their own mirth.

The Old National Pike was superseded by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad with its splendid capacity for transportation and time and labor-saving facilities. It served to carry the armies of the West quickly to the field of war in Virginia and returned the few who survived its horrors, when peace came. Federal troops protected it by placing pickets every few yards along the route, wherever danger threatened. The guard never ceased during the war, for it was one of the aims of the Confederates to cut off this avenue of communication between the East and the West.

East of Frederick along this famous highway about three miles out there is an interesting old bridge, well known as the "Jug Bridge," and so-called from the huge demijohn that guards

its entrance. It spans the Monocacy River, whose dangerous but alluring waters are so closely associated with one of the big battles of the Civil War.

Besides the Baltimore and Ohio, another great railway system connects Frederick with the large cities, the Pennsylvania. The branch directly touching Frederick is known as the Western Maryland Railway and commands a large amount of the traffic and travel to and from Frederick County.

To the north of Frederick City this line cuts through land that is of historic value, the fine farm known as Rose Hill, once the home of Thomas Johnson, the first Governor of Maryland. Robert Eden was the last proprietary Governor and he was succeeded by Gov. Johnson, who was born in Calvert County in 1732 but lived in Frederick County for more than forty years. His wife was Ann Jennings of Annapolis and they had eight children. He lies buried in the family vault in the Episcopalian Cemetery in Frederick City.

During his residence in Frederick he with three brothers, James, Baker and Roger Johnson, operated iron furnaces along the Bush and Catoctin Creeks. At the time of the Revolution, he was a prominent member of Congress allying himself at all times impartially with the cause of freedom and protesting strongly against the encroachments of England. A persistent advocate for war, when the mother country refused to arbitrate, he voted for the Declaration of Independence but was prevented from attaching his name to the immortal document because of absence on account of sickness in his family. He even went into active service and was chosen commander of the "Flying Camp" but did not hold his commission long because his advice and counsel were found to be of more value to the convention than his activity in the field.

While he was a delegate from Maryland to the First Continental Congress, he nominated George Washington for Commander-in-Chief of the Army. From that time on he was returned to Congress at each succeeding election until the Maryland Legislature elected him first Governor of the State in 1777.

He appeared before the convention at Annapolis in 1776 to urge that the Maryland delegates be instructed to unite with the movement to make free and independent states of the colonies. In pursuance of this policy he went on a committee



Historical "Jug" Bridge over the Monocacy River  
near Frederick, Md.



with William Paca, George Plater and James Holiday to request the resignation of Governor Eden and his departure from the province.

The people of Maryland voted for Governor Johnson for a second term but he refused to serve. He was then appointed Chief Judge of the General Court of Maryland, and in 1791 George Washington made him one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court at Washington. He declined the Secretaryship of State when it was offered to him by Washington. He was also a member of the Board of Commissioners that was appointed to lay off the Capital City and to select sites for the Capitol, the President's Home and other public buildings.

Thomas Johnson was an Englishman by birth. His grandfather, Thomas Johnson, came from Poole, near Yarmouth, England, in 1660 and settled at the mouth of Leonard Creek, Calvert County, Maryland. His son, Thomas Johnson, was the father of the Governor.

Governor Johnson has come down in history as a man of fine qualities of heart and mind. His ability as a legislator, a statesman and lawyer were of inestimable value to the nation and the state in their formative period. His unerring loyalty to the rights of free men, his tenacity of purpose in helping to work out the evolution of liberty for the colonies and his administrative justice and success mark him a man to be remembered and honored by posterity.

Coming down to the days of the second British war in 1812, Frederick is made conspicuous in history again by being the home of the great patriot, Francis Scott Key, whose name is familiar to every child in America as the author of the national song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

He was born in the vicinity of Pipe Creek which is close to Emmitsburg, on August 1st, 1779, and died while visiting his son-in-law, Charles Howard, in Baltimore on January 11th, 1843. His father was John Ross Key, a Revolutionary officer and he died in Frederick County in 1821. His famous son received his education at St. John's College, Annapolis, and stayed on after his course to study law with his uncle, Philip Barton Key, in Annapolis. He came to Frederick to practice law but did not remain here long. In 1801 he went to Washington and shortly after was chosen United States District Attorney. This was

during the Presidency of General Andrew Jackson with whom and the Honorable John Randolph of Virginia he maintained a warm friendship. Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney also was his close friend and finally married his sister.

Dr. Barnes of Upper Marlboro had been made a prisoner by the British for some trifle, and Francis Scott Key, endeavoring to procure his release, sought and received permission to visit the British fleet. Admiral Cockburn met him with every courtesy but the time was inopportune. The English were making active preparations to bombard Fort McHenry that same night and to protect themselves they were forced to detain Key on board the frigate "Surprise" and afterwards returned him to his own ship under a guard. It was on board this ship, while watching with a beating heart for the fate of the Stars and Stripes, which bravely held their own through the storm of shot and shell until dawn, that the inspiration came to him which worked itself out into immortal expression in the "Star Spangled Banner." He sketched it off roughly at sea and polished it into a classic in his room at a hotel in Baltimore. Samuel Sands set it in type in the office of the Baltimore American and that paper first presented this gift of patriotic genius to the public.

Key married and had eleven children. One of his sons, Philip Barton Key was killed by General Sickles in Washington, and another, Daniel S. Key, was shot in a duel with a Mr. Sherbourne of New Hampshire.

The nation has honored Francis Scott Key with a warm place in the heart of every American and with a memory of his illustrious achievement in patriotic verse that is never dying. But its consciousness of the fitness of a suitable memorial was slow in developing and it has been left to late years to give expression to it. The late James Lick erected a handsome monument in San Francisco in perpetuation of his memory. More recently the men and women of Frederick, aroused by a new sense of appreciation of the richness of their town in historic tradition, felt a compunction that this great son had never received acknowledgement from his own for his creation. Out of this feeling grew the Key Monument Association which by its efforts secured contributions throughout Maryland and from other states to the end of placing a handsome monument to Key in Mt. Olivet Cemetery over the remains of himself and his wife.



"ROSE HILL," FREDERICK, MD.  
FORMER HOME OF GOVERNOR JOHNSON—FIRST GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.



The Association was gratified with its success and the monument was unveiled with impressive ceremonies on August 9th, 1898. The outlines were hidden in the folds of American flags that were draped about it. Miss Julia McHenry Howard great granddaughter of Key, opened the exercises by removing the flags and exposing the handsome memorial to the enthusiastic spectators. Honorable Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, was the orator of the occasion. The event closed with a salute to the flag by soldiers of the Fourth Regiment, Maryland National Guard.

The pedestal of the monument of gray granite is surmounted by a figure of Key, representing him in the attitude of happy assurance that the flag still waved in the morning after the bombardment. A band that encircles the pedestal just beneath the figure bears this inscription explaining the pose of the figure as chosen by the sculptor, "'Tis The Star Spangled Banner." To the front of the monument and setting off its base is a symbolic group representing patriotism mounted on a huge block of granite. Beneath this group is the Seal of Maryland encircled by laurel and supported on a palm branch. The monument guards the entrance to the Cemetery, a fitting tribute to one of Frederick's best loved sons and a great national figure.

As a matter of interest and affection, not only associated with the time of the Civil War but with all time, perhaps no other spot in Frederick so appeals to many of its own and most visitors as the spot where Carroll Creek intersects West Patrick Street. It was here that the heroine of Whittier's ballad lived in a little house that the creek literally drove out of the way by its shifting course. Not a vestige of the building remains to make the memory of her more vivid. Nothing but a simple tablet in wood midway on the bridge that crosses over the historic spot marks it as once associated intimately with the life of Barbara Fritchie.

She was the oldest daughter of Catherine and Nicholas Hauer and was born on the 3rd of December, 1766, in the German town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Her birth was among surroundings that departed little from those of her German parents when they lived in the Fatherland. At that time Lancaster was almost wholly German. The customs and manners of the old country remained unadulterated the inheritance of its children trans-

planted to this section of the new world. No people are more tenacious of their traditions and habits and modes of living than the Germans and even today there are sections in Pennsylvania where they permit no encroachment of the progressive spirit on their Teutonic impeccability. So that Barbara Fritchie grew up among the feasts and festivals and anniversaries that mark the popular life in Germany and imbibed their spirit and was dominated by their influences. In time she dropped all that was disloyal to the American cause, as the famous episode in her life demonstrates, but many mannerisms that characterize these unique people she carried with her to her grave.

Little that is authentic has come down to us about her childhood except that at an early age she was received into the Reformed Church by baptism. It is easy to conclude from what we know of her maturer years that in the strenuous scenes of Revolutionary days her inner life must have received the impact that moulded her character and disposition to loyalty and patriotism. With such a temper of mind and heart she must have keenly appreciated the throes through which the national spirit evolved into independence and stability. With this grown into her soul it is not so strange that, when the prize so dearly won was in danger of disruption through internal dissention, an impulse for its welfare should have gone so far as to culminate in the famous incident rendered immortal by the great poet.

It is uncertain just when the Hauers came to Frederick. Enough that it was a great epoch in their lives and must have been superinduced by potent causes, for a German clings to the spot where he raises his roof, as an ivy clings to the house by whose foundation it has taken root. In that day the journey was a slow and laborious one and many dangers beset them that have since been forgotten. They must have come by stage over bad roads, but all these difficulties doubtless sank out of mind with the dawn of good fortune in their new home.

It was in 1791 that Washington stopped at the historic tavern then kept by Mrs. Kimball. All the town was untiring in its efforts to do him honor. It was left to Barbara Fritchie, then Barbara Hauer, to bring a full set of Liverpool China, a priceless possession and the only one in Frederick, to adorn the table at which he was served. At the time of his death she was called on to assist in the mock funeral held by the people of Frederick

### The Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly floats at twilight's last gleaming,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;  
And, when the brave and new-born country took its birth,<  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;  
O say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
From the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposed,  
And the sun's low and red glow in warning-steps  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full fronted serenity of triumphant gleam;  
Then, the Star-Spangled Banner! O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
And where is the band that so valiantly swore  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Where the warriors, well-washed with the cleansing rain,  
Bare their heads and their feet to the foot-steps' pollution,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
And the huzza and the shout of the brave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
And thus 'tis, 'tis ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation;  
Then, the Star-Spangled Banner! O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
And this be our motto: "In God is our Trust."  
And the Star-Spangled Banner, O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Every American knows Francis Scott Key at the author of our national anthem. He was a lawyer, a poet, and a patriot. He had gone to arrange for the exchange of prisoners. Admiral Sir George Cockburn had captured the city of Baltimore and made for attacking the fort he was kept on board, and at early dawn he ordered the Star-Spangled Banner to be hoisted over the fort. Key saw the flag and was so inspired that he wrote the poem. It was published in the *Frederick City*, Aug. 1st, 1798. He was educated at Saint John's College, Annapolis, and was a member of the Maryland bar. In 1801 he moved to Washington and died in Baltimore Jan. 11th, 1859. He was buried in the Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Maryland, and his wife, in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Maryland.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY



HOME OF KEY WASHINGTON, D.C.

GRAVE AND MONUMENT  
OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY  
FREDERICK, MD.



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as a memorial service to the honored dead. She with a number of her girl friends acted as pall-bearers. The occasion was marked by a solemnity and a devotion that was genuine to these early inhabitants of Frederick, who had come near enough to the great man to love him, a feeling whose sincerity in our distant day it may be hard to appreciate.

She was married to John Casper Fritchie, a glovemaker, on May 6, 1806. Mr. Fritchie was no exception to the rule that of all peoples the Teutons cherish most the marriage vow and are solicitous for the other virtues of life. He was marked by an uprightness of character and maintained the respect of his fellows through his life. Their union was more than commonly happy. They lived in a house on the spot which is pointed out by the tablet on the bridge and part of their home was given over to Mr. Fritchie's business until his death which occurred in 1849. Mrs. Fritchie lived on in the house with a Miss Yoner, a distant relative and a devoted companion, who never left her in her declining years till they were told in death.

A neighbor has described her personal appearance as follows: "I do not suppose she weighed more than 110 or 115 pounds. She was slight in figure and scarcely of medium height, her eyes were small but penetrating and keen and her hair was dark. In her dress she was remarkable for plainness—the variations were few indeed. About the house her costume was usually of plain quaker colored calico, and when she visited neighbors or attended church you could rest assured that she would be clad in a black cashmere or alpaca dress."

When the Civil War burst from heated brains into bloody activity, Mrs. Fritchie was an old woman bowed down with infirmities, but her mind was as clear as a mountain spring and her character well pruned and bent towards the right and its maintenance through a long schooling of life. Her heart was at all times with the Union, that was threatened with rupture. Not that she was bigoted in her attitude toward the South and its growing misfortune, but she was frank and outspoken in her interest in and allegiance to the Federals. Tradition has it that though she could move only with difficulty she was a frequent visitor at those homes where she could get authentic reports of the movements of the armies and where she was sure of sympathy with her own sentiments. She had unbounded faith in the

justice of the Union cause and it is said so great was her belief in its eventual success that she was never cast down by the defeats it suffered, although she was always jubilant over its victories.

On the second or third day after Lee had entered Frederick, an incident occurred which promised significant development in the heroism of Mrs. Fritchie. While the army of occupation maintained pretty good order, the mob which always appends itself to the line of soldiers, was anything but orderly. A batch of them settled in Mrs. Fritchie's doorway and indulged in language that was very unpalatable to the old dame. Unheeding her own danger, she raised the cane on which she was wont to lean for support, and beat the invaders lustily, crying, "Be gone, ye dirty rabble." Evidently her great age rendered her immune, for instead of obeying a natural impulse and turning upon their enemy, they slunk out of sight and left her a clean field.

It was during Jackson's march through Frederick on his way to Harper's Ferry that the immortal incident of Whittier's ballad is believed to have occurred. True enough the poem is full of inaccuracies, but it was not a record the great poet was putting on file for the use of critics and historians, but was a spontaneous child of his brain created for the enjoyment of his own and future generations, a work of art centered about a theme that lent itself to the imaginative faculty with much felicity. No one is justified in looking upon it as other than a treatment of a heroic figure with whose character the episode of the poem is not at all inconsistent with a perfectly legitimate poetical license, so as to achieve a ballad that should be immortal not for its historic value especially, but more for its inherent poetical qualities, its message and its local color.

These historical inaccuracies are pointed out. The Confederate troops were leaving, not entering Frederick. They had occupied the town for more than a week and during this interval no doubt the forty flags were not vaunting themselves in the breeze but were zealously hidden away till fortune should turn Unionwards. Again it is hardly credible that either Gen. Jackson or Mrs. Fritchie used the language attributed to them, nor is it likely that the poet intended that his readers should take the written for the actual conversation. The point that some deny that Jackson passed her door is of course neutralized by the fact

## BARBARA FRITCHE

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.  
 FROM THE PERMISSION OF HOGGARTH, NIPPIN & CO. BOSTON

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
 Clear in the cool September morn,  
 The cluster of white hills of Maryland  
 Gave place to the red cliffs of Maryland.  
 Round about them orchards sweep,  
 Apple and peach tree fringed deep,  
 To rise as a garden of the Lord  
 To the eastward of the Capitol.  
 On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
 When Lee marched over the mountain-wall  
 To see the mountains ponding down  
 He rode the crest of the mountain crown  
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
 Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
 Of the day was in the sky,  
 Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
 Bravest of all in Frederick-town,  
 To show that one heart was loyal yet  
 In her attic window the staff she set,  
 Up the street came the rebel tread,  
 Under his slouched hat left, and right  
 He glanced, the old flag met his sight  
 "Hail!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast  
 "Hail!"—the old flag met his sight  
 It shivered the window-pane and wash,  
 It rent the banner with seam and gash  
 Barbara Hauser was born December 3rd, 1766, in Lancaster, Pa., in early life moved to Frederick, Md. where she lived and died. Among the many events of her life was her participation in the funeral of Mary's husband, George Washington, at the chapeau funeral of Washington she was one of the pall bearers. She was married to George Fritchie, a cooper, and they had three children. She was a Quaker and was very pious. She died December 18th, 1862, aged 96 years and 15 days, and is buried in the cemetery at Frederick, Maryland.

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HER RELICS



HER HOME



HER FLAG



BARBARA FRITCHE



that the side street down which they admit he rode opens on to Patrick Street hard by where her home stood. That a score of persons in the neighborhood volunteer the negative testimony that they did not see the incident and that therefore it did not occur is about as trustworthy argument as that of the fabled ostrich who hides his head in the sand and concludes that because he can't see no one can see him.

On the other side of the question it would have been very easy to have had an episode, which required a very few moments of time to take place, occur without its having been noticed by all. There were matters of major interest, the advance of the troops, the famous General, Stonewall Jackson, at their head. It is hardly probable that all would have deflected their gaze from these to be absorbed by an old neighbor waving a defiant flag. Besides, the fact that many citizens of Frederick for many years believed sincerely in its occurrence goes a great way to justify one in regarding the main points as truth. These same adherents as well as those from a distance who cherished the tradition, carried off almost every piece of the debris of her house when it was razed some years after her death to make way for civic improvements. Canes were made of the wood and, when the wood gave out, bricks were taken away and preserved as souvenirs.

Two days after the departure of the Confederate troops the Federals occupied the town amid great plaudits and advanced westward in pursuit of the retreating army. It can be imagined how Mrs. Fritchie, watching the Union soldiers filing by her house, must have rejoiced with her tremendous capacity for patriotism, and loyalty. It is recorded that her flag was by her side at the window and so lofty and inspired was her expression that more than one officer was attracted by it and stopped to greet her. Among them was General Reno whose untimely death she mourned a few days later.

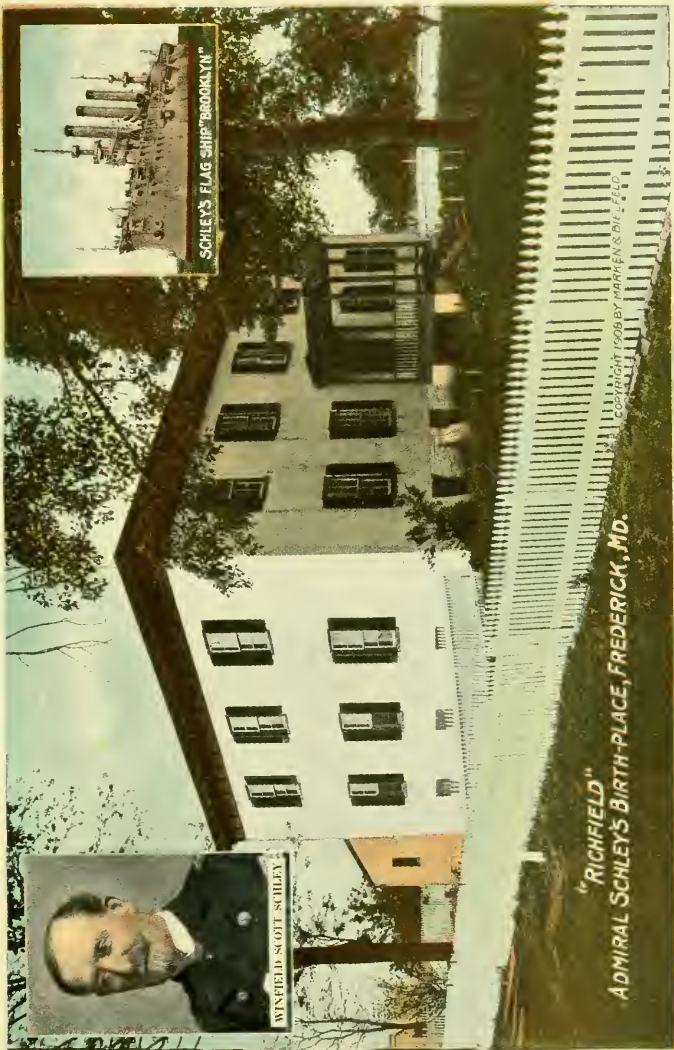
Barbara Fritchie lived only a few weeks after this event. She died December 18th, 1862, in the 97th year of her age. She was buried beside her husband in the German Reformed Church yard. A simple headstone bearing her name marks the spot, which is constantly visited by reverent sightseers from all parts of the world.

In the recent war with Spain Frederick sent many sons to

help the nation subdue that aggressive people in Cuba. One of them eclipsed all other heroes with a single exception. His name with that of Dewey stands out as making the phenomenal success of the United States in this war, that of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, the naval hero of Santiago. Frederick was the home of his birth and boyhood. Three miles north of the town along the Emmitsburg pike there is a farm with a comfortable home known as "Richfield." This is the Schley farm and it is here that the future Admiral first saw the light of day. His father, John Thomas Schley, was a man worthy of the friendship of such a man as General Winfield Scott, who is so indelibly associated with the Mexican War. He visited "Richfield" when Schley was only a few days old and his father named him after the great General to commemorate their friendship. His mother, a Miss McClure of Baltimore, died when he was 13 years old and this event broke up the farm life at "Richfield." Mr. Schley moved to Frederick and his three sons entered St. John's Institute. He had one daughter who is now Mrs. Parks Fisher and resides in Baltimore.

Mr. Schley had two brothers living in Frederick, Colonel Edward Schley and the father of Dr. Fairfax Schley. The children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of these two brothers are the Admiral's nearest relatives. They are Thomas Schley, Gilmer Schley, Mrs. Mary Morgan, Mrs. Rose Baer, Mrs. Laura Schley Chaplaine, Mrs. Edward Hewes of Frederick, and Mrs. John Cassin of Washington, Children of Colonel Edward Schley. The children of Dr. Fairfax Schley, a first cousin of the Admiral's, are Dr. Steiner Schley, Miss Agnes Schley and Mrs. Jennie Miller of Frederick.

When Schley was sixteen Congressman Hoffman, who was an intimate friend of his uncle, offered him an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It came unsolicited by the Schley family, this opportunity for future greatness for their son. How well he utilized it is a matter of national history. He finished his course in 1860 and was ordered to service on the U. S. S. Niagara which was used at that time to convey the Japanese Embassy to its home in the Far East. Three years later he was married to Miss Nannie Franklin of Annapolis. They had two sons and a daughter, the latter Miss Virginia Schley, who married a nephew of the Earl of Wharnclyff, Mr.



SCHLEY'S FLAG SHIP "BROOKLYN"

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

"RICHFIELD"  
ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S BIRTH-PLACE, FREDERICK, MD.

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Ralph Granville Montague Stewart Wortley. He is a railroad man and broker in New York City and is more inclined to the free business life of an American city than quiet residence in England as a representative of such a famous family as the Wortley Montagues. The sons are Thomas Franklin Schley, a Lieutenant in the 14th Regiment U. S. Infantry, which distinguished itself in the Philippines, and Winfield Scott Schley, Jr., a surgeon in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. Since the Admiral's retirement from naval life he has made his home in Washington but is very frequently in New York with his daughter, Mrs. Wortley.

Schley's record in naval history has been crowded with good service to his country. While still a very young man just after the close of the Civil War he went on a cruise around the world and found opportunity for activity. In passing the Chinha Islands four hundred Chinamen were in rebellion. Schley landed a body of marines and subdued the riot. Again, when American interests were threatened in La Union, San Salvador, he promptly occupied the Custom House with his seamen. He thrashed the Korean natives in 1871 for misdemeanors and in 1876 brought to account a number of pirates on the West African Coast.

Exceeding these early exploits was that of his leading a relief expedition to rescue Greeley and his men who were ice-bound in the Polar Sea. In 1884 the Navy Department issued a request for a volunteer officer to command several vessels to this end. Schley was the first to present himself and was promptly despatched. When his subordinate officers argued that he was risking his ships, the *Thetis*, *Bear* and *Alert*, he made that memorable reply, "Gentlemen there are times when it is necessary and a duty to take risks. This is one of those occasions." History records of the heroic voyage that Schley reached the frozen country just in time to save Greeley and those men who survived the rigors of the exploration. The nation honored him with the gratitude of every American heart and the Legislature of his native state voted him a jeweled watch and chain in token of their appreciation of an act done solely out of his humanity.

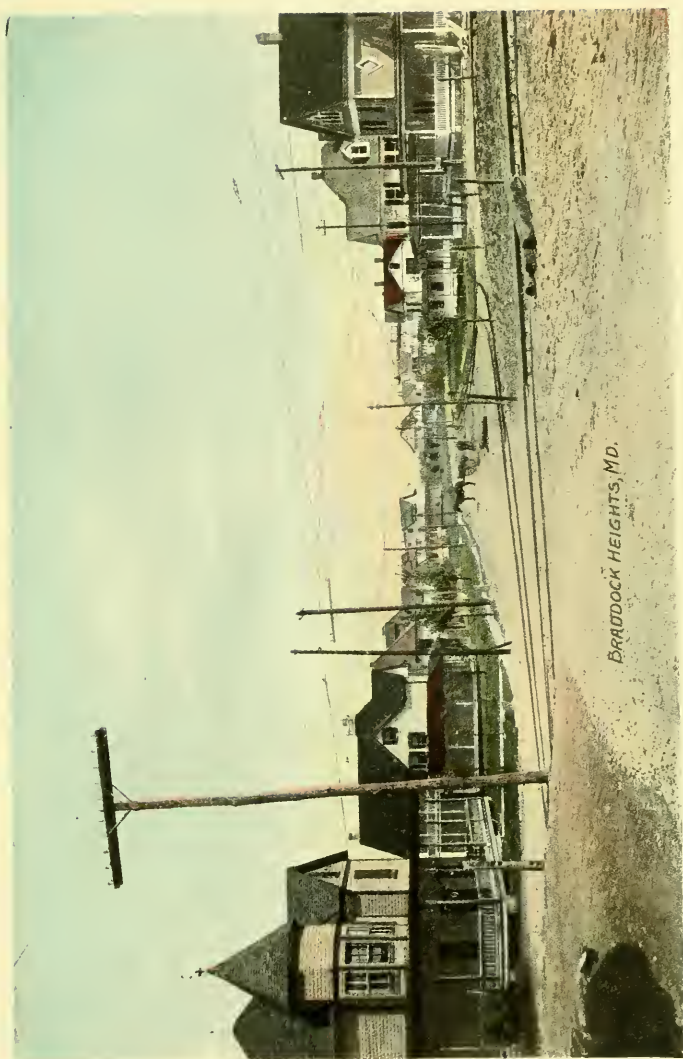
Following his career chronologically, we find he was transferred to the command of the cruiser *Baltimore* when she was first introduced into service and in 1890 the Navy Department entrusted to him the charge of carrying the remains of Ericsson,

the inventor of the Monitor, to his home in Sweden. During the Civil War in Chili the Baltimore was despatched to Valparaiso. The American representative, Mr. Eagan, was accused of partisanship and the Chilians accordingly nursed a hatred for all Americans. Two marines of the Baltimore were killed on the streets of Valparaiso. Schley, who was then a Captain, acted instantly. Showing the ready allegiance to his country that characterized him at the great moment, when in the teeth of future criticism and antagonism he performed his immediate duty at Santiago, he in this instance landed sailors at midnight to protect his flag. The Chilian cruisers Esmaraldo and Almirante Cochrane together with some torpedo boats threatened attack. The German ship Leipzig and the British vessel Melpomene, restricted the play of the Baltimore. Schley requested these ships to change their positions and they complied. However no battle followed. Probably a commander so energetic and alive as he showed himself by his preparation held them in check by his very spirit of dominance. When he was relieved of the Baltimore, the crew presented him with a handsome ebony cane out of their esteem and admiration for so doughty a leader.

In 1892 he was put on lighthouse duty at Staten Island. In 1893 he achieved the buoying of New York harbor. In 1895 he was given the command of the cruiser New York, whose retiring officer was "Fighting Bob Evans."

His great achievement which made his name a familiar word in the mouths of all American children, and created him a hero for all time, was the victory at Santiago on the 3rd of July, 1898. Schley had blockaded the Spanish fleet in the harbor. During the absence of Acting Admiral Sampson, Admiral Cervera lead the Spanish ships out of the harbor in column. Schley was then Commodore and the officer after Sampson in charge and he commanded the American fleet and accomplished that glorious triumph for America. After the fight he was overwhelmed with the applause of his country and on one occasion of congratulation the man showed large of heart when he replied modestly, "There is glory enough in it for us all."

His home-coming to Frederick was an epoch in the history of Frederick. A public reception was given him and a tremendous ovation that did not subside till his departure. The climax of the demonstration was a mass-meeting in the City Opera



BRADDOCK HEIGHTS, MD.



House, at which his address was received with cries of enthusiasm. The immense crowd could not be resisted and it filed up on the stage to touch the hand of this wonderful brother among his own for a short time.

A landmark of Frederick, about which clusters many memories, is Trinity Chapel because of its century old Tower and spire. The vane bears the date 1807. The old part of the structure was the work of the early German settlers. In the latter part of the 17th century Protestants were fleeing to America from the merciless persecutions of the Romanists in France and Germany. The Germans centered in Philadelphia and from that point known as Germantown, they radiated in various directions, some coming into Maryland and even into Virginia. Frederick county attracted many of them because of its uncommon fertility and the low price of rental of land, one cent an acre per year. These pioneers were chiefly of the Reformed and Lutheran faith and their first church was built of logs in 1730 and known as "The Church of the Monocacy." They worshipped jointly for perhaps twenty years in this building located ten miles northeast of Frederick in the vicinity of Creagerstown.

Thomas Schley, the schoolmaster, led about one hundred families from the Palatinate, Germany, into Frederick by way of Chesapeake Bay in 1735. Patrick Dulaney, who laid out the town of Frederick in 1745, ceded a lot of ground to these Reformed people and Trinity Chapel and the old graveyard occupy this spot. A log church was constructed on this site nearer Market Street and facing Patrick Street. For several years it was used as the County Court House as well as for religious purposes. In these days the congregation had no pastor but was highly commended for its decorum and faithfulness.

In the course of time it absorbed the "Church of the Monocacy" and in 1747 numbered 97 communicant members. In 1763 four members of the church were vested with full power to construct a stone Church. The members were to haul the material to the spot and the church was to be finished in one year from the date of its beginning. This was erected on the site of Trinity Chapel. The stone part of Trinity steeple was built in 1764. It stood in front of the church and people entered through the tower. The old log church was sold to Thomas Schley for ten pounds and

was removed by him. In 1773 a record was made like this: "We are the only church in the province that has a steeple," showing the prosperity and industry of these Germans, whose development Governor Eden so highly praised. In 1778 two bells were bought in London and hung in the steeple. Finally ambitious for a Town Clock, twelve good citizens issued a circular offering to sell eighteen hundred tickets at \$1.00 each, out of which six hundred prizes were to be given. The plan failed but it aroused a desire for a Town Clock and contributions came in, largely from the Reformed Church. It was constructed in 1797 by Frederick Heisley and placed in the tower of Trinity Chapel. It was described at that time as "a noble piece of mechanism and doth greatly excite the curiosity of the town." For many years the Fessler, father and son, kept it wound.

In 1807 Stephen Stoener remodelled the steeple by adding the beautiful woodwork and spire it possesses to-day. The spire has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be one of the most symmetrical and best proportioned of its kind in this country to-day. There is a story that when Stephen Stoener's apprentice put the last shingles on the spire, the teacher of the Parochial School dismissed his pupils that morning to see him finish the work.

Mrs. Mary A. E. Markell, who died in 1887, had agitated the Reformed people into a longing for a chime of bells and had begun personally to lay aside money to this end. Her husband continued the good work after her death and at the close of his life it amounted to \$985. His brothers added enough to raise the fund to \$1500, and the congregation contributed \$1000. A chime of ten bells, known as "Trinity Chimes," was installed in 1893. The chimer on the occasion of the dedication was Prof. James R. Gibson of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C. On the leading bell are inscribed the words, "To the glory of God and in pious memory of Louis Markell and Mary A. E. Markell, his wife, Frederick, Maryland."

One cannot pass from the historic delights of Frederick without making a pilgrimage to Braddock Heights, the spot, where in summer the cool mountain calls you away from the town and the rich reminiscences of Revolutionary and Civil War days attract you at all times. The Frederick and Middletown Electric Railway Company pioneered through the heart of the historic richness and opened up the treasure of tradition and the peculiar



B. & O. FREIGHT DEPOT, FREDERICK, MD.  
THE OLDEST RAILROAD DEPOT IN THE WORLD.



beauty of nature of these thirteen miles to the seeker and enlightened Frederick as to the preciousness of its surroundings. All this and more should be placed to the credit of the Company who ran the first electric car over Frederick County soil on the 15th of August 1896. It uses the best rolling stock purchasable, the Brill cars which are the acknowledged leaders in electric coaches to-day. It is doing very efficient freight service handling twenty thousand tons annually.

If you board a car at the station on East Patrick Street, just as you start down the little side street to the left you can catch a glimpse of the old stone warehouse, that was the first railway depot in the United States. A little farther on to your right you pass the first house built in Frederick known as the Neidhardt residence and bakery. Intersecting Market Street and winding westward with Patrick Street, the old colonial business thoroughfare, till it curves to the left as it crosses Carroll Creek, the car moves slowly enough to let the tourist get a fleeting view of the spot where Barbara Fritchie's house stood, now marked by a simple wooden tablet midway across the bridge on the left. A few yards more and you see the crooked side street traversing Patrick Street down which Stonewall Jackson is recorded to have ridden with his troops on his way to Sharpsburg, and north along the irregular little highway across the "Swinging Bridge" is the old stone mill of colonial origin. As the car climbs the hill that terminates Patrick Street, the old stone tavern reminiscent of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott comes into view eloquent of romance, of "Appleseed Johnnie" and the jolly turnpikers and their multi-colored wagons, for at this point the Old National Pike rolls on westward, emerging from the city street into the wide highway of so many memories.

The fertile valley of Frederick now spreads itself out in all the richness of a well-tilled garden. Were it not for the low ridge of encircling mountains, the gentle uplands and level stretches covered with growing grain and tender grass at the time, when the season is the most happy of the year, we should say are like the south of England, like it a garden without the confines, for as long as the world lasts everything in America will breathe of America's immensity, and the fields of Frederick County mild of temperament and of tender verdure stretch wide, kin to the

prairies and the broad lakes and rivers of a mighty land. The red barns of the farmers, too, dot the view a perpetual memorial to the German ancestry of these prosperous people of the soil. There are orchards in abundance. Who knows perhaps some of them are the progeny of the race of trees sent into existence by "Appleseed Johnnie." Bits of woodland come upon you more and more as you begin to ascend Braddock Mountain. The road cuts a gap between oak, hickory and chestnut trees and fragrant mountain flowers bloom close to the rails.

As the car climbs, it passes the famous spring known as Braddock Spring, welling with water as pure and refreshing to you if you wish to drink, as it did in the days when the English and Colonial armies marched along the dusty Old National Pike,—for the great highway creeps up the mountainside with the railroad—and quenched their thirst with its coolness. During the French and Indian War when Braddock, Franklin and Washington were planning their method of procedure in Frederick in 1755, they decided upon marching the troops on to Fort Duquesne which is now Pittsburg, and from that point on to Niagara and Frontenac. They travelled along the National Pike and stopped on the hot summer day on which their march began at the spring to drink and so gave the spot its immortality. Braddock never reached the Fort, for he was wounded in an ambush by the Indians and died July 13th, 1755.

The car reaches the summit of Braddock Mountain five miles from Frederick. The traveller is fain to look out on all sides to the east over Frederick Valley and its girdle of mountains with the quaint old town lying contentedly and trustingly on its bosom and to the west on to the Middletown Valley with its equal richness and gentleness of slope and holding the pretty village of Middletown in the hollow. An observatory about fifty feet high on the tip of the mountain one thousand feet above sea level affords a view for fifty miles around on a clear day, extending into four states, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia. Ten miles to the west South Mountain rears its head, remembered for the great battle of the Civil War fought here on the 14th of September, 1862. The Catoctin ridge runs parallel to this. Catoctin Furnace had the honor of making some of the cannon used in the Revolution. The shaft of the first steamboat built by Ramsey was made in this old furnace. The iron that



Carroll Creek and Old Town Mill, Frederick, Md.  
where Jackson's Army camped



went into the construction of the Monitor, invincible to the attack of the Merrimac, was brought from the same source. To the southeast in the gap between the mountains lies Harper's Ferry redolent with Civil War memories and especially the untimely raid instigated by John Brown. Not far off are Antietam and Monocacy, and Gettysburg is within earshot, for the boom of the cannon was heard resounding through the hills about Braddock on that fatal day of battle.

So much for Braddock, past. The trolley line has revealed these historic treasures. As for Braddock, present, it is wholly the product of this progressive company. At night it has made it a fairy scene alive with a thousand lights that glow like will o'wisps, a long line stretching along the thoroughfare, that is built up with a handsome and comfortable hotel and many pleasant cottages, up the hill to the top of the observation tower. Dancing and refreshment pavilions and a summer theatre are there for the amusement and comfort of the summer colony and the innumerable visitors to the spot.

From Braddock the trolley road forks on the one hand to Middletown and Myersville connecting there with a line to Hagerstown, and on the other to Jefferson. Middletown is a pretty village very up-to-date in appearance but not untouched by the glamour of historic romance. General Early with his Confederate troops occupied it July 7, 1864 and levied a requisition of \$15,000 on it. During the battle of Antietam, Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President, was carried to Middletown and cared for at the home of Captain Rudy, a firm Unionist.

The ride to Jefferson along the crest of the mountain is a unique one. On the right stretches the Middletown valley, mellow with the careful cultivation of rich soil, undulating gently downwards to the straight stretch that is the site of the town. On the left,—and this is its incomparable feature,—the route reveals a succession of gaps coming quickly one after another and disclosing Frederick and the Frederick valley at varying angles each seemingly more charming to the appreciative traveller. At length and quite suddenly the village of Jefferson is before you, picturesque in its rambling old street that stretches a mile and possessing simple and quaint homes that please with the sense of uninterrupted peace and content. Jefferson, too, in the days of the Civil War had its heroine. A young lady waved

her flag from her doorway and was cheered by the soldiers. When the monument to the 14th New Jersey Volunteers at the Monocacy was recently unveiled, a soldier, come back to the scene of his former struggles, passed through Jefferson and found the lady old and gray in the same doorway.

Recently another railway has been constructed, running through Frederick and known as the Washington, Frederick and Gettysburg Railway. It opens up an entirely different section of the country quite as rich and beautiful in view and affording a means of transportation and communication that the town now wonders how it succeeded without.

The impetus, that the initiative of a few progressive men has given the town, has awakened a restless ambition to beautify Frederick with handsome public buildings, extensive stores and pretty homes. The town is in the embrace of a spirit of advance. While it will not relinquish the hold that the charm of age has on it, it yet yearns forward to vie with other towns of its capacity and in some respects to surpass them. Its seven bank buildings, those now erected and those prospective, will be superior in artistic purity to those of many cities ten times its size. Their combined resources amount to \$7,500,000, the deposits about \$5,300,000. The merchants, too, are extending ground space and raising buildings, until their accommodations and merchandise keep the people at home to buy instead of letting the trade slip to the large cities. As for the residences, the number that are being built, not to increase the census but to satisfy individual comfort and taste, are giving a tone to the town that bespeaks prosperity and energy.

The industries that are developing the assets of Frederick are fruit and canning companies, a brush factory, knitting mills and truck gardens. Dairies and creameries thrive in the county. Five large companies and some smaller ones are utilizing the limestone deposits that are of excellent quality and copious in their supply. Stone crushing, too, has recently become a prosperous business.

There are one hundred and twenty-five miles of turnpike around Frederick City and they are unsurpassed in the country. The administration of the town is beneficial in its efforts at paving the streets, at supplying unexcelled water, at sanitary drainage, at universal cleanliness and at marketing advantages.





The pioneers of Frederick paved the streets with cobblestones that have obtained until recently, when by a method of compelling saloons to pay a certain license the officials in co-operation with property owners were enabled to pave the streets with vitrified brick. Two large reservoirs a mile out of town, fed by water from the mountain, supply the town with a grade of water that analysts have pronounced exceptionally pure. There are two illuminating plants, one owned by the corporation, the other a stock company.

Nor is Frederick behind educationally. The splendid public school system of Maryland is worthily sustained in Frederick. There are the primary and elementary grades, girls' and boys' high schools and they occupy buildings that are capacious and comfortable. For the advantages of higher education Frederick possesses two institutions for young women, the Woman's College and the Academy of the Convent of the Visitation, and Frederick College and St. John's College for young men. There is also a state institution for the training of the deaf, known as the Maryland School for the Deaf.

The Woman's College is the offshoot of the Frederick Female Seminary which existed from 1843 to 1893. Since that date the institution has been in the hands of the Reformed Church and has been conducted by a most efficient President, Mr. Joseph H. Apple. The buildings are of a pure Greek type of architecture, so admirably fitted to the stimulating of high thought. The massive white columns that support the jutting roof with its Greek facade between are at once in keeping with the mission of a school of learning and a picture in the memory of the graduate that clings tenaciously in after life. The dormitories are healthfully planned and comfortably furnished with an eye to simplicity rather than luxury.

There is a preparatory as well as a college department and departments of Music, Art and Expression. The curriculum is planned with a view to prepare the student to meet the demands of practical life with a character that has been instigated and formed to well-doing, a mind that has been trained to think and reason, and a taste that appreciates the fitness of things.

The faculty is made up of men and women who have been trained in the best institutions available to-day and the standard of a good teacher as well as a learned student is maintained.

The student body is composed of young women from all parts of the United States but largely from Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and West Virginia, and the college is served with a commendation that is well worth having, when it is able to say that the students are chiefly daughters of professional men.

The College confers the degree of A. B. upon its graduates and a diploma on those who take the complete course in Music, Art or Expression. It is thoroughly equipped in all necessary lines with a good working library, laboratories that are fitted out generously with the apparatus and supplies accruing to each branch of science, a good gymnasium, and cabinets of minerals, charts and globes. Outdoor athletics are emphasized to keep the health of students normal. Tennis, croquet and basket ball are played on the campus and English field hockey is indulged in in the athletic field nearby.

During the past ten years the college has tripled its dormitory accommodations. It is only just to attribute this sturdy progress to the ability and endeavors of the President, who has so indentified himself with the growth of the college that it in large measure reflects his capabilities and live energy.

The Maryland School for the Deaf occupies one of the most costly institutional buildings in the city. It is a state institution maintained by an annual appropriation from the Maryland treasury. The Legislature established it in 1867 and opened it to the public in September 1868. It occupies the centre of twelve acres in a square, and, rising with its central tower and two flanking turrets on an eminence, it commands a delightful view of the city and the outlying country. The building is symmetrically proportioned with a substantial central structure supported by wings on either side. Covered with vines and surrounded by a beautiful lawn, old trees and well massed shrubbery, it is a very attractive feature of the town. The building has a frontage of 265 feet and is 120 feet deep. The wings are connected with the main building by 30 foot corridors and courts are laid out between.

The school is free to all white deaf-mute children of Maryland, as well as to those who can speak but are too deaf to benefit by instruction in ordinary schools. The faculty consists of eleven teachers of extensive training and experience. The principal is Prof. Charles W. Ely, who has conducted the school most efficiently for thirty-five years. Mr. Ely is a native of





Madison, Conn., and he received his early education in the district school of this New England town. He entered Yale College and graduated in 1862. During the Civil War he enlisted in the Union Army as a Sergeant and rose to the rank of Lieutenant of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut Infantry, which saw active service at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. After the war he taught school in Ohio and came to Frederick from that state to take charge of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Mr. Ely's integrity, his common sense, his ability and splendid management of the school have made him a man of influence in the community and an exceptional servant of the state.

The average number of children has been about one hundred and ten, though the building offers accomodation for more. The curriculum is very much like that of the public schools but adds instruction in speech and lip reading. There is a well equipped gymnasium furnished by means of a legacy left by Miss Susannah Veazey of Baltimore. An industrial building was erected by the funds left for the purpose by Benjamin Reigle of Hagerstown.

A Board of Visitors appointed by the Governor of the state supervises the administration of the affairs of the School, but the control is largely vested in the able principal, who has made it one of the best schools in the state.

One cannot pass over the Maryland School for the Deaf without noting the building in the rear. It is the old stone Barracks built in 1777 with a view to using it as a fortress in time of stress. In those days the volunteer militia drilled on the commons which are now beautiful lawns. During the Revolution the Barracks were used as a prison for captured Hessian soldiers. During the Civil War it was used as a United States General Hospital.

Among the charitable institutions of the town the Frederick City Hospital is evidence of what a handful of persistent, earnest women can do. Situated a little to the northwest of the city on an open tract, it gets the pure air from the ridge of mountains five miles distant. The grounds are tastefully laid out with a view to simplicity like all that belongs to the Hospital, for its first aim is comfort and benefit not elaborate setting or furnishings. Facing the building, there is a small park equipped with benches and hammocks a delightful spot for patients who are convalescing.

The building consists of a central structure used for administrative purposes. It is the achievement of the women who conceived this good work. It contains a handsome operating room, the gift of Miss Ella Houck and sisters and is equipped with instruments and apparatus that are quite complete and up-to-date. A reception room, office, anaesthetizing room, sterilizing room, diet kitchen, dispensary and the like occupy this part of the building. The two wings are the gift of Mrs. James Mifflin Hood, the magnanimous patron of the institution. It is to Mrs. Hood that the phenomenal constructive growth of the Hospital is due and it is she who has made possible the present status of the institution which is exceptional for its age. The south wing is known as the Hood Wing and the north wing as the James Mifflin Hood Memorial Wing. These wings together furnish practically all the accomodation for the sick and injured. The rooms have been handsomely equipped, yet in keeping with the tone of professional simplicity that prevails through the building. Almost without exception they have been furnished by friends of the cause.

The Hospital has a capacity of fifty beds. Five beds are absolutely free to the poor of any religious denomination. The work stands first of all for charity, for the good of the poor sick. Reductions are made whenever desired by applicants. The use of the operating room and drugs and supplies are free of charge to all free patients and ward patients. The Frederick City Hospital Guild and various churches maintain beds in the institution. The Hospital employs a superintendent, three graduate nurses besides maintaining a Training School, and a dietitian, so that the work is entirely professional throughout.

The Medical control of the Hospital is vested in a Staff made up of twenty Physicians from the city and county. A large Staff of Consulting Physicians made up of men who are specialists in the various diseases in the large cities near by, gives prestige to the work of the Attending Staff.

The general administration of affairs is vested in a Board of Managers consisting of thirty women, who are the initiators of the movement and who are responsible for the excellent financial condition of the institution.

The institution is second to none in the State from the point of view of its comfortable quarters, its sanitary equipment, its





appliances, its medical status and its conscientious dealings with the public. Though there are many hospitals that greatly exceed in ground space, it possesses the advantage of a small hospital, an increased personal attention on the part of the nurses and physicians over that of enormous institutions, where the energies of the nursing force are so widely distributed.

Another effort in the direction of philanthropy is that of the Y. M. C. A. It has accomplished a remarkable success in this community. The new building just completed at the cost of over \$62,000, surpasses many of the buildings of this organization in the largest cities. Constructed of Pompeiian brick with sandstone trimmings in the heart of the city and facing an open square, it is a splendid monument to the altruism of the people.

It has reading rooms supplied with the daily papers, magazines and periodicals. Checkers and chess, pool and billiards are played by the members and two fine bowling alleys of regulation size offer opportunity for this attractive amusement. The baths and swimming pool furnish advantages which the young men have never known in Frederick before. The gymnasium is fitted out with the best scientific body-building apparatus and appliances for recreative games. The gallery is a banked running track of the best construction and design.

The third floor of the building is made up of twenty-two living rooms for young men with eight private and one general bath room. They are fitted out with the best beds and mattresses, chiffoniers, chairs, electric lights and steam heat and rent at rates that can be met by the young man of average income.

On the second floor the three front rooms are known as "club rooms" and are given over to the use of the older members of the Association. Another large room has been set aside for the exclusive use of the ladies who are members of the Association. One afternoon a week they have the use of the gymnasium, baths, swimming pool, bowling alleys and pool table on the second floor.

The cafe occupies a room about 19 by 32 feet facing Court Street. It is artistically and comfortably furnished and the service is at once satisfactory and moderate in price.

The inquiring visitor will not leave Frederick without a glimpse at its churches. Frederick is a church going town as the thirteen houses of worship testify as well as the throngs that

enter them of a Sunday, and embrace the following denominations, Reformed, Lutheran, Methodist, Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist and United Brethren. With few exceptions they are centered within a plat two squares east and west and one square north and south, that is on Church street and Second street about one square to either side of Market street.

The Evangelical Reformed church possesses over a century of history chiefly clustered about the chapel that is located opposite it. The building is of dignified architecture with four noble columns tapering up to their graceful capitals and supporting a facade in the classic way. Its membership was so large ten years ago that the present capacious building was inadequate. The result was a division of the work and the inception of a new church on East Second street, known as Grace Reformed Church. This edifice is a tasteful modern piece of work, very pleasing for its color scheme on the interior that is unbroken by a single inharmonious tone.

The Lutheran Church is a large organization with the church on East Church Street and the chapel extending from the rear and fronting on East Second Street. The former is a graceful, symmetrical building with twin spires that rise into view as one approaches the town along the turnpike. No doubt these contributed their part to the inspiration of that familiar line about the clustering spires in Whittier's Ballad. The chapel is a pretty low building of a style that belongs to our own day.

St. John's Catholic Church again partakes of the classic in its beautiful front with a facade and unites with it the Christian influence on architecture as manifested in the general outlines of the building which are in the form of a cross. The altar is one of the handsomest to be found.

All Saints' Episcopal Church is located on Church Street facing the open square in front of the Court House. It is markedly colonial in style with the little turrets that nestle like sentry boxes to either side of the tower, as if to protect it with its tall spire. In 1792 Rev. Thomas John Claggett was consecrated first Bishop of Maryland and was therefore the first Bishop consecrated in America. In 1793 he administered his first confirmations and it was in All Saints' Church that this rite was performed.



Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, FREDERICK, MD.  
TO THE LEFT MARSHALL TOWN, MD. AND TOWNE SQUARE

JUN 13 1908

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